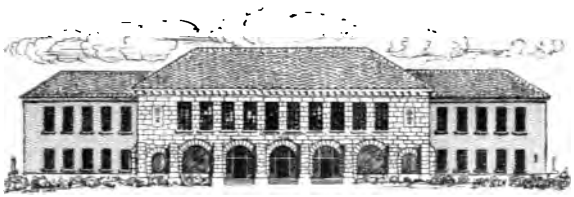
NCISCO
FILIPINO

B.M.LITTLE



A Filipino Home

FRANCISCO
THE FILIPINO

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ALBAY, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

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FRANCISCO, THE FILIPINO.
E. P. I

PREFACE

At the close of the Spanish-American War in 1898, Spain withdrew from the Philippine Islands after more than three centuries of residence, and turned over the responsibilities of Philippine control to the people of the United States.

A number of years have elapsed since the American people took up the white man's burden in the Orient, and although thousands of Americans have visited our new possessions during this time, there are still many persons who think vaguely of the Philippines as a tiny group of islands somewhere in the Pacific, inhabited by half savage people who wear little or no clothing and prefer dog meat to all other kinds of food.

When one stops to note that the archipelago consists of more than three thousand islands, which, if placed within the United States, would occupy an area extending from Minneapolis to New Orleans and from Den-

ver to Kansas City, he secures a more definite idea of their magnitude. And when he learns further that the soil of these islands is astonishingly fertile, that they abound in valuable timber, coal, gold, copper, iron, lead, and platinum, and that of the eight million inhabitants, only about half a million are uncivilized, the remainder being Christians, some of whom are highly educated, with all the graces and accomplishments of a European, he again finds himself startled at the importance of these new American territories across the seas.

It was with the idea of giving American boys and girls a clearer idea of the Filipino people, — how they live, what they eat and wear, how they work and how they play, — that this little book was written. The author recalls with the greatest pleasure the two years spent among the school boys and girls of Albay Province, and is glad to number among his warmest friends the Filipinos of southern Luzon.

B. M. L.

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FRANCISCO, THE FILIPINO

CHAPTER I

FRANCISCO'S HOME

FRANCISCO was a Filipino boy who lived in the southern part of the island of Luzon between the towns of Albay (Äl′-bȳ) and Camalig (Cȧ-mä′-lig). If you will look at a map of the Philippine Islands, you can find these places. His home was on a large tract of land where his father raised rice for the

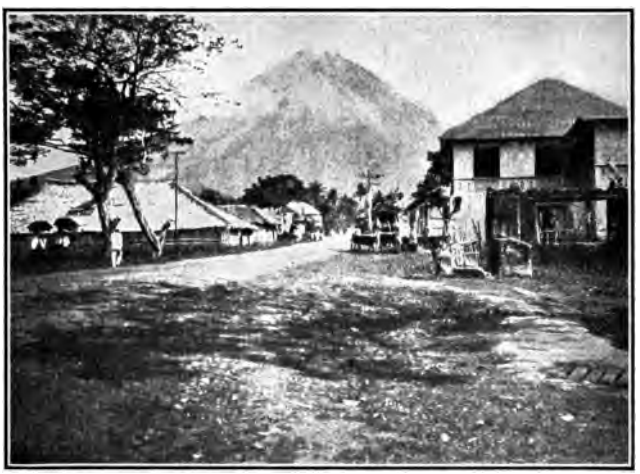
use of the family, and abaca (ä′-bä-cä), or Manila hemp, for the market. Back of their house was a grove of tall coconut trees. From the nuts which grew on these trees they made a part of their living, and their hemp crop was also of much value.

Francisco had one sister and two brothers, all older than himself. Pablo (Päb′-lō), the oldest brother, was studying in the College of Santo Tomas (Sän′-tō Tō-mäs′) in Manila, preparing to be a priest, while José (Hō-sā′) and Maria (Mȧ-rēē′-ä), the sister, were living at home and attending school.

This home was very interesting and quite different from the houses in which American boys and girls live. The house was made almost entirely of bamboo, — bamboo walls, floors, ceilings, and rafters. The roof consisted of the leaves of the nipa (nēēpa) palm, sewed together to form shingles and tied to the rafters with strips of very strong rattan.

Filipinos always build their houses well up from the ground so as to be above the dampness. Francisco's father had put their

home on bamboo poles about six feet high. This made a large room underneath the house where were kept three pigs, a horse, and their little two-wheeled cart called a carromata (căr-rō-mä′-tä). Francisco's mother found



CAMALIG

bamboo floors convenient, because very little sweeping was necessary; crumbs and waste from the kitchen were dropped between the strips of bamboo to the ground below, and there the pigs and chickens quickly ate them.

In the front part of the house was a large room called a sala (sä′-lä), and here the family sat when their friends came to see them. There were a number of bamboo chairs and a

FILIPINO HOUSE

table in this sala; large windows let in the light and air, and offered a view of the blue Pacific and the great Mayon (My-ōn′) Volcano which lifted its head high among the

clouds a few miles to the northward. These windows were not made of glass, however, but of small shells about three inches square, fitted into wooden frames that slid back and forth along the sill.

The floor of the sala was not bamboo. It was made of a beautiful hard wood of a dark red color, and was kept very smooth by polishing it with banana leaves; this was Francisco's work, and he took much pride in it. Very often when friends came in for a visit, the table and chairs were pushed back against the wall, José brought out his musical instrument that looked like a guitar but sounded like a mandolin, and all would join in a dance.

The house contained several sleeping rooms with bamboo beds. Francisco preferred to sleep on the floor wrapped in a petate (pe-tä′-te), or grass mat. The beds were very simply made with bamboo legs and a bottom of woven rattan much like a cane-seated chair. José had learned at school that mosquito bites cause fever, and therefore he had arranged his own bed to be covered with mos-

quito netting; but the others of the family slept as Francisco did, completely wrapped in their petates.

MAKING BAMBOO BEDS

The kitchen was a very different sort of place from those in American homes. The

stove was a large square platform about four feet high, covered with soil packed down till it was almost as hard as rock, and having on it several stones. When Francisco's mother wished to cook rice or boil a chicken, she made a little fire on this platform, drew two or three of the stones near it, and placed the pot or kettle on them and over the flames. Filipino houses never have chimneys, but the smoke finds its way out through the cracks in the bamboo walls. The wood used for cooking is usually cut into small sticks an inch or so in diameter and twelve or fifteen inches long, and, fortunately, burns with very little smoke.

Adjoining the kitchen was a small square room containing nothing but a large tin can with several small holes in the bottom, and a long rope passing over one of the bamboo rafters. When Francisco wished to take a bath, he filled this can with water, pulled it up over his head, and fastened the rope so that he could stand under the shower. The water ran on down through the bamboo floor

to the ground below, making a cool, damp place for the pigs to lie.

Filipinos enjoy frequent baths because the hot climate of their country makes bathing a necessity. José would get home from school each morning about half past ten, take a cool bath and lie down for a siesta (sĭ-ĕs′-tä), or nap, during the hot noontime, for school did not begin again until half past two; then he would go back feeling refreshed and ready for an afternoon of hard study.

The siesta habit is a very general one in the Philippines. For an hour or more before and after noon, shops are closed, business stops, and the streets are deserted, while behind drawn shutters, the people are peacefully sleeping after their midday meal. About two o'clock, they take up their regular duties again, thoroughly rested from the morning's exertions and the extreme heat of noontime. The custom is almost a necessity in tropical countries, and would undoubtedly be a valuable habit for the busy, hurrying American to practice, if he could only feel that the time could be spared for it.

CHAPTER II

FRANCISCO'S WORK

UNTIL Francisco was old enough to go to school, he spent a great deal of time in helping his mother about the house, carrying water, going to the market for bananas and fish, or polishing the shiny floor of the sala. His mother was very neat and did not like to have the ground about their home littered with leaves or sticks. So, every few days, some one of the family would sweep carefully all around the house, using a broom made of strips of stiff rattan about two feet long fastened tightly at one end but loose at the other.

It was Francisco's morning duty to carry water from the creek to the house so that his mother would have plenty for cooking. If you had watched him at this task you might have seen him carrying a long bamboo

pole on his shoulder. This he filled with water and brought back to the kitchen where

BOYS CARRYING WATER

he stood it up on end in a corner. When anyone wanted water, the bamboo pole was tilted to let it run out, and if you had asked Francisco for a drink while he was carrying

it to the house, he would have told you to put your mouth to the edge of his bucket and drink all you wanted. Filipinos can drink very easily in this way, but you would probably have poured most of the water on your clothes.

WOMEN WASHING

The creek, where they got their drinking water, also supplied the water for washing

their clothes. Once each week Francisco's mother and Maria would wade out into the water with the clothes they wished to wash. These they scrubbed thoroughly in the running stream, and then laying them on stones, they would beat them with paddles to get all the dirt out of the cloth. This proved to be a very simple way to take a bath at the same time that the clothes were being washed. The garments were hung upon bushes or spread on the grass to dry before being ironed. Filipino women sit on the floor while ironing their clothes, and, instead of using a board, they spread a mat or blanket in front of them and iron on this.

Francisco liked to go to the market because there were so many interesting things to see and hear. Just back of the public school was a large open square and there, every evening, the market was held. Long before sundown you could see the people coming with great baskets of fish on their heads, with strings of bananas, with camotes (că-mō′-teş), or sweet potatoes, tomatoes,

onions, corn, mangoes, little green lemons about as large as plums, and many other

MARKET PLACE

vegetables and fruits, which they spread on the ground to show to the best advantage.

Every night the market place was filled with people examining the articles to be

sold and quarreling over the price, or standing in little groups for conversation. Dogs, lean and hungry, ran here and there watching a chance to steal a fish and dash out into the darkness to devour it. The air was thick with the mixed odors of fish, onions, and smoke from the many little coal oil torches which lighted each group of wares. The Babel of sounds was almost deafening, — conversations in the native dialect, in Spanish, in Chinese, and in English, an uproar from yelling boys and an occasional yelp as some dog was detected in the act of securing his supper without paying for it.

Francisco was of much help to his father, also, in taking care of the carabao (că′-ra-bäō), or water buffaloes. These are large, strong animals that are used by the Filipinos for plowing the fields, for hauling the rice and hemp to market, and sometimes for riding, — although the rider must not be in a hurry, because they move very slowly.

Carabao have a strange habit of wanting to lie down in the mud and water for several hours

each day. If their master does not allow this, but tries to make them work all day, they sometimes become crazed and do much damage, even killing people or severely hurting them.

Francisco drove his father's carabao out

PLOWING

to the pasture every day, where they ate the fresh green grass awhile. Later, they buried themselves up to their necks in the muddy water, to lie happy and contented until they were forced to come out again to graze and

be driven home. Each carabao had a strand of twisted rattan through its nose, and by means of a cord fastened to this, it could be led and driven very easily. Filipinos often pull very hard upon these cords, and many

CARABAO IN WATER

carabao have their noses badly torn by careless or cruel drivers. When well treated, however, they are valuable and necessary beasts of burden, strong, patient, and able to endure heavy work in a hot climate.

CHAPTER III

RICE

FRANCISCO used to go with his father and uncles to the rice fields, where he would watch the carabao while the men worked. A great deal of hard labor is necessary to raise a crop of rice. First, the seed must be sown in a plot of ground called a seed bed, where it is left alone for five or six weeks until the plants have grown several inches high. During this time the men are busy plowing the field and getting the ground ready for the second planting. This is a very hard and disagreeable task, because the work has to be done in mud and water, the men sometimes wading up to their knees in the slimy black mud while guiding the plow.

When the ground has been thoroughly stirred and is well under water, the young plants are taken out of the seed bed, cut back

a few inches, and replanted in the field. This is also very tiresome work, for each rice plant must be thrust into the soft mud by hand.

RICE PADDIES

Men, women, and children come out for this part of the planting, roll up their clothes beyond the reach of mud or water, and, with

backs bent low, move slowly across the fields, setting out the young rice plants.

Rice grows well only when it is kept flooded, and this is done by means of ditches that lead from near-by streams. Great pieces of sod are thrown up in long rows, forming a sort of dike that holds the water and separates the fields into divisions called paddies. These long strips of sod are used as a pathway by persons who need to cross the fields and wish to remain dry.

Before many days, the young plants are growing, tall and green, and the field makes a beautiful appearance as the wind sweeps across it. In about five or six months the green has turned to a rich yellow; the rice is then ripe and ready for the harvest. Again the men, women, and children go out to the fields armed with sickles to gather in the precious crop. Again they move slowly across the level ground, — dry now, — with backs bent low, gathering in the grain that is to furnish them food for months to come. The rice bundles are piled on carts, the carabao

RICE FIELD

strain at their yokes, and the loads go off to the house to be carefully stored away, for use when needed.

When Francisco's mother wanted rice for cooking, she went down the bamboo steps, unfastened the door that led to the storeroom under the house, and, taking several bundles into the yard, she laid them on a petate spread on the ground. Then, stepping out of her chinelas (chĭ-nē'-läs), or slippers, she trod upon the heads of grain until she had separated the rice from the stalk. The next thing needed was to get rid of the chaff. To do this, she put several handfuls of the grains into a flat tray, and, by carefully throwing the seeds into the air and catching them again in the tray, the chaff was blown away, leaving the clean, fresh rice grains all ready for cooking. Another way to do this is by pounding the rice in a wooden mortar until the seed is well separated from the hulls. Sometimes rice flour is made in these mortars, and bread is baked; but the most common way of cooking is by boiling.

Filipinos eat rice three times a day, and no meal is really complete without it. They like it boiled very dry, and a large plate of it

POUNDING RICE IN MORTAR

is always placed beside one's regular plate to be eaten with the meal, much as we eat bread. It is interesting to know that so much rice

is eaten in the Philippine Islands that large quantities must be shipped in from China in addition to what is raised by the Filipinos themselves.

The most commonly raised rice is almost pure white, but there is one variety grown in certain parts of the Philippines whose grains are red and whose flavor is different from the white variety.

Not all the rice grown in the Philippine Islands needs the extensive irrigation that was described earlier in the chapter; there is a kind of rice that grows with only a moderate amount of moisture. It is produced on the steep mountain slopes where irrigation would be impossible or extremely difficult.

CHAPTER IV

ABACA

"MANILA HEMP," as it is so commonly called, is not really hemp at all, but a plant closely related to the banana and so strongly resembling it that some persons are unable to tell the difference. The correct name for this is abaca (ä′-bä-cä), and it is probably the most important crop produced in the Philippine Islands. Nowhere else in the world does it grow so well, and in southern Luzon where Francisco lived, the soil is especially well suited for its cultivation.

Francisco's father had a good many acres devoted to it, and his crop yielded him a good income. A field is planted by setting out, at regular intervals, shoots from old plants. Three years are required for these shoots to grow to maturity, and a planter must therefore be willing and able to wait a long time

before he can harvest his crop. An abaca plant grows to a height of ten feet or more, bearing long fanlike leaves that wave grace-

CUTTING ABACA

fully in the breeze and shut out the sun's rays so completely that noontime in an abaca field is like twilight. The stem consists of crisp, juicy, green leaves rolled tightly

together around a central stalk. These stems are often eight or ten inches in diameter, and it is from the tightly rolled inner leaves

STRIPPING ABACA PLANTS

that the fiber which constitutes the crop is secured.

When the proper time comes, the men go out into the field with their sharp bolos (bō′-lōs), heavy knives much like corn knives, and cut off the abaca plants close to the

ground. They tear away the leaves and the green outer part of the stem, which they leave on the ground for fertilizer. The white inner part comes from the plant in long strips and is drawn through a machine that presses out the water and pulp, leaving only the fiber, in long white strands. These are hung up in the sunshine to dry and bleach, after which they are tied into bundles and hauled in carabao carts to market. New shoots grow out from the old stalk so that a plantation constantly renews itself.

The planter usually sells his abaca to a shipper who has a baling machine and large warehouses in some seaport town, with his own wharves for loading the freight on steamers bound for Manila or foreign ports.

During the shipping season these warehouses present scenes of busy activity. Outside is a large courtyard crowded with carabao carts piled high with fresh abaca which men are weighing and sorting as it is unloaded. From within can be heard the rattle and rush of the baling as men and boys, urged by the shrill

commands of their foreman, run around a circular track turning a great wheel that puts

HAULING HEMP

the pressure upon the bales. Extending from the warehouse to the vessel is a long line of noisy taos (tä′-ōs̱), or workmen, carrying the heavy bales out on the wharf and over the side of the steamer to be stowed away in the hold.

All kinds of rope, from the heavy cables used on board ship to the small ropes used on

the farm, and even string and thread are made from abaca. Carpets are woven from the fiber. In Paris, hats of the finest quality are made from it; and in the Philippines similar uses are made of it. Many Filipino

HEMP WAREHOUSE

households have their own looms on which they weave sinamay (sĭn′-ä′mäy̆) and pinal-

pog (pĭ′-năl-pōg), beautiful and durable cloths which are used for making men's shirts, and also women's waists and dresses.

WEAVING

It is woven into handsome patterns in various colors. Sinamay is of rather coarse texture, while pinalpog is as fine as linen,

having a glossy sheen which is secured by pounding the fiber in a mortar before weaving.

PHILIPPINE WOMEN

Sometimes threads of silk are woven in with the abaca fiber and the cloth is then called jusi (hōō′-sĭ).

Francisco's grandmother, whose house was not far away, made her living by weaving abaca; and she wove a number of very handsome patterns from which Maria's best

dresses were made. The women of the Philippines wear waists, with open flowing sleeves and very large collars that fasten like a scarf in front and extend in a V shape from the shoulders almost to the waist line. It is a custom among Filipinos to decorate the sleeves and collars of especially nice dresses with hand-painted designs. Maria had some artistic skill and had so decorated two of her waists, one with a cluster of flowers and the other with a small view of Mayon Volcano.

It is easy to see that abaca, with the many uses it is put to in the Philippine Islands and the many articles into which it is manufactured abroad, is of great importance among Philippine products. As American enterprise extends its cultivation, and introduces new and improved methods of harvesting and transportation, its importance as a source of wealth is sure to increase.

CHAPTER V

COCONUTS

FEW Americans realize what an important part in the lives of the Filipino people the coconut plays. The tall slender trees without a branch, except the cluster of leaves at the very top, are the most characteristic feature of the Philippine landscape. These trees supply timbers for building, thatch for roofs and walls of houses, hats, fans, household utensils, oil, food, and drink. The trees are often used as corner posts for houses, thus giving a secure anchorage against windstorms and earthquakes, while the roofs and sides are covered with coconut leaves.

Each nut is surrounded by a large fibrous husk, so that the fruit as it comes from the tree is two or three times as large as the nut itself. The fibers in this outer husk are very stiff and are used to make hats, brushes, mats,

(34) YOUNG COCONUT TREES

and other similar articles. Cups, spoons, ladles, and trays are made from the shell

PILE OF COCONUTS

of the nut, which takes a very handsome polish.

The ripe coconut with its hard dry kernel, as it is generally seen in the United States,

is quite different from the young nut as it hangs on the tree. Then it contains only

GATHERING COCONUTS

a thin layer of soft white meat around the inner part of the shell, the remaining space being filled with a delicious liquid.

When people are traveling in the Philip-

pines and become thirsty, a man fastens a strap or cord to his feet so that they will be about as far apart as the diameter of the tree, and with this aid in bracing himself, he climbs easily up the long straight trunk to the leafy crown where the nuts hang in clusters. He cuts off and drops to the ground as many nuts as are wanted, and then slides down the tree. With his bolo he strikes a slice from the husk of a nut so deftly that a small hole is opened in the shell and the liquid, cool, sweet, and refreshing, is easily drunk. When the traveler's thirst is quenched, the nut is split in half, a rude spoon is made from the husk, and the thin layer of soft white meat is scooped from the shell and eaten. By boiling the kernel of the ripe nut an oil is obtained which is used for burning in lamps, for cooking, and for oiling the hair. When the meat of the coconut is dried it is called copra (cō′-prä), and large quantities of this are shipped to foreign countries, where it is used for making candles and soap.

By tapping the flower, a liquid is secured

NATIVE COLLECTING SAP

that is made into a drink called tuba. Each day in the cool early morning, a Filipino, having a bamboo tube slung from his shoulder in place of a bucket, climbs the tree to collect this sap. The flowers can be so tapped for about three months; of course the nuts have to be sacrificed if tuba is wanted, because the flowers die. It is a common sight in a coconut grove to see large bamboo poles reaching from the top of one tree to its nearest neighbor. These are for the use of the one who taps the flowers, so that instead of climbing each separate tree he can pass from one to another by this dizzy

bridge and thus secure his tuba with less effort.

Owners of coconut groves take great pains to keep thieves from climbing their trees and

COCONUT GROVE

stealing their fruit. If a man's grove is far away from his house, where he cannot keep close watch, he makes notches in the trees

about fifteen feet from the ground and inserts pieces of broken glass all around the trunk; then if any one tries to climb past this barrier, he is severely injured by the sharp glass and is forced to return to the ground. Sometimes, instead of glass, large thorny branches are fastened to the trees for the same purpose. When the owner wishes to get his crop of nuts, he either carefully removes these obstacles, or he climbs a near-by tree and crosses over from the top by means of a bamboo pole as when getting tuba.

Francisco's grandfather, who owned a tienda (tï-ĕn′-dä), or small store, in Camalig, used to tell him a very interesting story about a coconut. "A long, long time ago," he said, "many years before my grandfather was born, there grew a very tall coconut tree, far taller than any you have ever seen; and the fruit that grew on this tree was so large that you could not even see round it. One day the largest of these nuts fell from the top of the tree, but instead of striking the ground, it remained floating about in the air. The

fibers changed, and instead of being brown and coarse, they became soft and green and slowly grew into grass and flowers and trees. By and by, God put people on the outside shell of this large nut to use and enjoy the vegetation.

"The milk which was inside changed into a terrible fire that sometimes burst through cracks in the shell of the nut, causing what we call volcanoes. Demons and various kinds of evil spirits began to inhabit this inner fiery region, and they have been known to come out through the craters of volcanoes to trouble the people who live near by. The smoke and gases that are so often seen coming from volcanoes, or from cracks in the ground, are from the burning bodies of wicked people whom these demons have caught and carried away. And so, Francisco, if you are wise, you will be a good boy and do just as your father and mother tell you, or you may be taken from the outside to the inside of this wonderful coconut."

CHAPTER VI

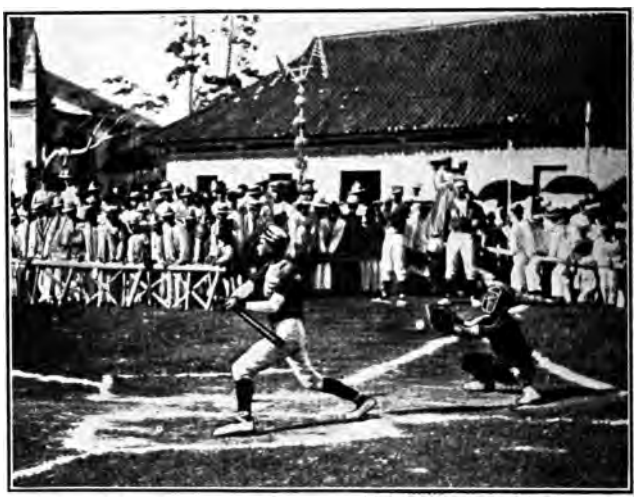
FRANCISCO'S PLEASURES

You must not think that Filipinos spend all their time in planting rice, harvesting abaca, or climbing coconut trees. On the contrary, they are fond of amusements, and they find many ways of gratifying this very natural desire. There were several boys of about the same age as Francisco, who lived close by, and they played together most of their spare time. The American soldiers and teachers had shown the older boys how to play baseball, and the game had become very popular. Pablo and José both played well, the older boy having developed into an excellent pitcher before he went to Manila to enter col-

lege. Francisco and his companions were not large enough to play a real game of baseball, but they found much fun in their efforts to imitate the older boys. Of course their native tongue, which in southern Luzon is called "Bicol" (Bēē′-cōl), had no words for this foreign game, and so the English terms had to be taken bodily into their own language and used as native words. If you had watched these small boys playing, you would have heard Francisco shout as he struck at the ball and missed it, — "Sarong (sä′-rōng) strike!" — "Duang (du′-äng) strike!" — "Foul! !" "Tolong (tō′-lōng) strike!" "Aco (ä′-cō) out!" *sarong* meaning one, *duang*, two, *tolong*, three, and *aco*, I.

Filipinos have a game of ball, quite different from baseball, that is much enjoyed by young and old. The ball is of woven rattan, about four inches in diameter and very light. As many as wish to play form a ring, the ball is thrown into the air, and as it comes down, some one sends it flying upward again. The game is to keep it from touching

the ground, and the players show much skill in striking it with hands, arms, or feet, from various positions and without getting very far away from their places in the ring. Old



BASEBALL

men often watch the boys awhile and then get into the game themselves, showing surprising agility and seeming to enjoy fully the brief return to boyhood.

There is a game rather similar to marbles that the younger boys play a great deal. A

ring is drawn on the ground and within this are placed small stones or centavos (cĕn-tä′-vōs), Philippine copper coins worth half a cent; the players stand back a certain dis-

COCKFIGHTING

tance and toss other stones or coins, trying to knock out the ones inside the ring.

The most harmful amusement in the Philippines is cockfighting. The present government has limited the enjoyment of this sport

to Sunday afternoons and public holidays, but even so it is a great source of evil in every community. The cockpit is generally a large roofed enclosure with rude bamboo seats rising in tiers like circus benches, and with a fenced arena in the center in which the chickens fight.

A small knife blade, keen and sharp pointed, is fastened to a leg of each of the birds, and when all is ready they are put into the arena to fight. The owner of a gamecock trains him carefully, making him scratch to develop the muscles of his back and legs, and in other ways preparing him for the ring. The fights are often drawn out until one of the chickens, weak from loss of blood and from the exertion, falls over dead. Then the winner crows, if he has any breath left, the crowds watching the fight cheer loudly, bets are paid, new ones are made on the next pair of birds, and the excitement continues. At sunset the people reluctantly leave the ring and return to their homes, the winners jingling their gains, the losers hoping for better luck

next time, and the owners of birds either proudly showing off their conquering heroes or tenderly carrying home the limp bodies of their pets to be boiled for hours in the vain hope of making their hard muscles tender for the table. Much time and money are wasted on this cruel and rather disgusting sport, and it is to be hoped that it may decrease from year to year and finally die out entirely.

Each community in the Philippines has its patron saint, and once a year, usually on the day celebrated by the church in honor of that saint, occurs the fiesta (fĭ-ĕs′-tä), or feast day, of the town. These holidays are looked forward to with joyful anticipation, and most elaborate preparations are made for the entertainment of guests. A great tower or arch, sometimes seventy-five or a hundred feet high, is built of coconut logs, bamboo, and rattan. Lanterns of gayly colored paper are hung over this, and at night men climb laboriously over it, lighting candles in each lantern; the effect is exceedingly pretty and the lights burn for several hours.

The fiesta usually begins with a solemn celebration of the Mass at the church, with special music by the band or orchestra in

FIESTA TOWER

addition to the choir and organ. When the service is over, the people move about over

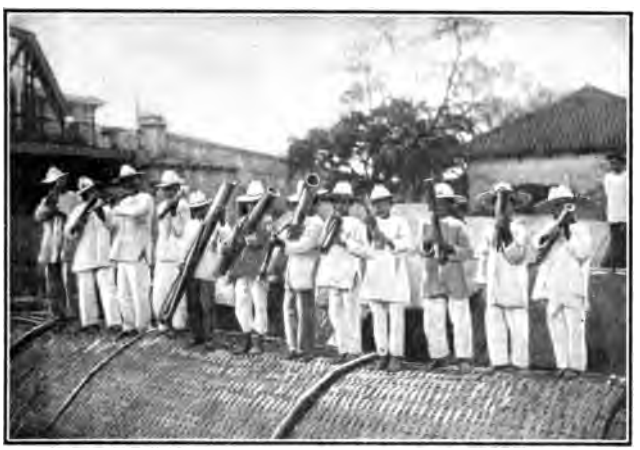
CHURCH IN ALBAY

the plaza (plä′-zä), or public square, greeting their friends and enjoying conversation. At noon, the priest serves an elaborate dinner to the important men of the town and to the distinguished visitors, while in the various homes, people are entertaining their friends with the best their tables afford. After dinner is over and all have rested awhile, games and sports of various kinds are witnessed, — races around the plaza, jumping, wrestling, ball games, and other feats of skill

or strength, while those who are so disposed go to the cockpit for the afternoon.

At night it is customary for the presidente (prĕs-ĭ-dĕn′-tĕ), or mayor, of the town to give a grand baile (bäĭ′-le), or dance, to which nearly every one is invited. The largest hall in the town is secured and lavishly decorated with flags, palm leaves, bamboo stems, and bright flowers. The floor is polished until it fairly shines, a long table groans under the weight of rice, chicken, ham, roast goat, bananas, and sweets of various sorts, an orchestra or band is hired, and all is ready for the event. About eight-thirty or nine o'clock a throng of señores (se̱n-yō′-res̱), señoras (se̱n-yō′-räs), and señoritas (se̱n-yō-rēē′-täs) (which means gentlemen, married ladies, and young ladies) arrive, dressed in their finest clothes and ready to enjoy the music, the dancing, and the refreshments until a late hour. The waltz, two-step, and Virginia reel are very much in favor, and a dignified Spanish dance called the rigodon (rĭ′-gō-dōn), with complicated figures and graceful steps, is also popular.

Every town has its musicians, and often excellent music is made by a group of barefooted players whom you would hardly suspect of being skilled in anything. Sometimes when better instruments cannot be



BAMBOO BAND

secured, the boys organize a bamboo band; generally, however, the instruments are those which are commonly used the world over. The great Constabulary Band of Manila, conducted by an American negro, Captain W. H. Loving, ranks among the first musical

organizations of the world and has several times made tours in the United States.

Filipinos are very fond of plays. In Manila there is a large Grand Opera House, and many outlying towns have their teatros (te̱-ä′-trōs), or theaters; but in the smaller places where this is not possible, plays are given at night in some public square, without stage, scenery, or costumes. The characters include kings, queens, knights, servants, and even bears or other animals, all of whom recite their lines to the great delight of a circle of onlookers who squat upon the ground holding candles or lamps in order to see the play. At Christmas time, bands of singers and dancers go from house to house, entertaining the public and passing the hat for gifts when the program is finished.

These are a few of the pleasures which Francisco and his friends enjoyed. It is true that some of their work was very hard and disagreeable while it lasted, but the climate and soil of the Philippines are so favorable that even the most industrious

people have a great deal of leisure time in which to enjoy life. Francisco's grandfather had a great fund of stories, and he loved to collect a crowd of children about him and entertain them with one tale after another. The following story of "The Three Sisters" was a general favorite:

"Once there were three sisters who were very beautiful, and they all lived in the same house. A beggar came one day asking for rice, and one of the sisters went down the stairs with a plateful for him. As soon as he received it, he seized the girl, and putting her into a sack, he carried her off to his home. The next day he said to her, 'I must go

away for several days and will leave you all my keys. But you must not unlock room thirteen; all the others you may go in, but not thirteen.'

"So she took the keys and an egg which he gave her to keep, and prepared to wait for his return. By and by she became curious, however, and decided to open the forbidden room. As soon as she pushed back the door, she saw scattered about the floor portions of the body of a dead man. She was so frightened that she dropped the egg and the keys, and when she picked them up again the egg of course was broken and the keys were bloody.

"When the old man returned, he saw the broken egg and the keys with blood on them. So he locked the girl in the room with the dead man, and went again to the home of the sisters, begging for bananas. Just as before, one of the sisters came to grant his request for food, and he put her into his bag and took her home with him. As with the first sister, he gave her an egg and the keys, with the same in-

structions not to enter room thirteen. Of course, the second sister did as the first had done and also dropped the egg and the keys.

"She was put into the room as a prisoner, and for the third time the false beggar went to the house, asking this time for camotes. The third sister passed through the same experiences as the others, but she was less easily frightened and did not drop the egg and keys when she saw the dead man. Instead, she went into the room and saw her sisters prisoners there. She released them, put them into a large basket, and taking some gold which she found in the room, completely covered them. She collected the pieces of the dead body, put them together, and a handsome man awoke from death. She allowed him to escape from the room, put the basket containing the gold and her sisters into another room, closed room thirteen, and awaited the return of the false beggar.

"When he came and saw that the egg was not broken and the keys were not bloody, he said, 'You have obeyed me, and we will

be married.' 'Very well,' she answered, 'but first you must carry home for me a basket of gold for my parents. You must not sit down nor stop to rest till you have taken this

basket to my home. I shall be watching you from my little window, and if you disobey me, I shall never marry you.'

"So he started out. He found the basket

very heavy, and three times he wished to put it down and rest, but each time he heard a voice which seemed to come from the basket, saying, 'Go on, for I am watching you from my little window; and if you disobey me, I shall never marry you.' Therefore he went toiling on to the home of the three sisters, and delivered the basket of gold (and the two girls) to the parents.

"When he returned, the man who had been dead but had come back to life killed the false beggar, married the third sister, and they lived happily forever afterward."

CHAPTER VII

FRANCISCO AT SCHOOL

It was an important day for Francisco when he became old enough to go to the American school just as Maria and his two brothers had done. In the Philippines the hottest season of the year extends through March, April, May, and June; because of this, school begins about the tenth of June and closes the latter part of the following March. So it came about that on a certain sunshiny June morning Francisco put on his cleanest white trousers and his best pink sinamay shirt (which, like other boys of his age, he wore outside of his trousers), and started to school. His first teacher was Gregorio Nipas (Grĕ-gō′-rĭō Nēē′-päs), a Filipino boy who had been attending American schools for six or seven years, and could read, write, and speak English very well.

Francisco began his work in what is known as a barrio (bär′-rĭō) school. A Philippine town includes all the outlying villages for a distance of several miles around, and each of

SCHOOLHOUSE

these villages is called a barrio. Every barrio has its own little bamboo schoolhouse where the elementary subjects are taught. As the boys and girls become farther advanced in their work, they go in to the central town, where there is a school doing work of a higher

grade and having several teachers. All the barrio and town teachers of one district are

PHILIPPINE SCHOOL CHILDREN

under the charge of an older and more experienced supervisor, — in most cases an American, — who directs the work of the schools

in his territory and visits the various barrios regularly. From time to time he meets with the town officials to discuss the needs of the schools, and as frequently as possible he calls all his teachers together to consult with them, and give them instructions regarding their work.

Filipino boys and girls do not buy their own books; the government furnishes the required texts and the pupils are allowed the use of them while they are attending school. Each child gives a receipt for all the books that are issued to him, and when school is over he returns them to his teacher and the receipt is destroyed. In case he has lost a book or has badly used it, he is required to pay for it.

When Francisco entered school he knew a few English words and sentences that he had learned from soldiers and from older boys who went to school. Such expressions as "Good morning," "How are you?" and "Good-by," were familiar to him, but of course he could neither read nor write, and

there were many children of his age who knew no English at all.

For the first lesson with these beginners the teacher called them up to his desk, and holding up a book so that all could see it, said very distinctly the word "book." The children repeated it after him, and in a few minutes they could call the word as soon as he held up the book. Then he did the same thing with other articles such as pen, pencil, and paper, until in a little while they knew thoroughly several English words.

The next step was to form sentences. The teacher again held up the book, saying slowly and distinctly, "This is a book"; and the children carefully repeated "Dēēs ēēs a book." Filipinos have some trouble in making the sound of short "I" and of "th" in *this*, *these*, and *those*, usually saying "Dēēs," "Dēēṣ," and "Dōṣe." Other articles whose names the children knew were used in the sentences, "This is a pen," "This is a pencil."

After these were learned, their teacher made sentences such as "I give you the book,"

at the same time giving it to some child; then, "You give the book to Francisco," — "Francisco, give the book to me," until in a few days the children knew accurately a long list of English words which they were

School Orchestra

able to use in simple sentences. These sentences were written on the blackboard for them to read and copy, and thus they began to speak, read, and write the English language. They worked at copying these sentences while the teacher taught the other

classes. Sometimes they sat and listened while the older children recited, and in this way they learned new words. English was the only language used in the schoolroom, and often the boys and girls spoke it among themselves for practice.

After Francisco had worked several weeks in this way and could recognize many words as soon as he saw them, he was given a primary reader, — an honor of which he was very proud. He asked his father to show him how to weave a grass cover for his precious book so that he would not soil it. He made rapid progress, enjoyed his school life greatly, and in course of time he completed the work of the barrio school and went to the school in town.

Here he found two new interests which he had not known in the barrio school. Mrs. Bond, the wife of the American supervising teacher, had charge of the town school. She was an excellent musician and taught the pupils many songs. Filipinos love music, learn songs readily, and sing with great

enthusiasm. The older pupils were becoming able to read music and sing their different parts correctly, and Francisco entered into this new subject with all his energy. The padre (pä′-drā), or priest, was much interested in the children's musical training, and he made frequent use of it in his church services.

The other interest that Francisco found when he entered the town school was manual training, which was begun in the upper grades. The boys began making simple things out of bamboo and coconut wood, such as paper cutters, ladles, dippers, spoons, cups, and ash trays. Later, however, the work was extended to larger and more useful articles, such as tables, bookcases, benches, and desks for their own and barrio schools.

Of course music and manual training took only a part of Francisco's time; he was busy reading in more advanced books, and studying elementary English grammar, arithmetic, and geography. He was growing rapidly in body as well as in mind, and was learning some of

the simple rules of health that he had been violating before this time because he knew no

PROVINCIAL SCHOOLBOYS

better. He was taking better care of his eyes, was more careful about the kind of water he drank and about eating overripe

bananas. He knew now that it was better for him to keep the window of his sleeping room open at night instead of tightly closed as formerly, and he took some money that he had earned, by carrying a basket of fish to the market, to buy a mosquito netting for his bed.

PROVINCIAL SCHOOL

At last he completed the course given in the town school and was ready to enter the provincial school, located in the town of

Albay, several miles south of his home. A province in the Philippine Islands is similar to a county in the United States, and each one maintains a high school which any boy or girl living in the province may attend, after he has completed the work of the lower grades and has passed satisfactory examinations. Courses are offered in the history and government of the United States and the Philippine Islands, in literature, in grammar and composition, in mathematics, drawing, music, cooking, sewing, manual training, agriculture, and, when called for, Spanish and other subjects. The high school at Albay contained a very large assembly hall which was used for study when pupils were not in classes. We shall leave Francisco studying in this room, while we find out something of the history and government of these interesting islands.

CHAPTER VIII

WHAT FRANCISCO LEARNED OF PHILIPPINE HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT

WHEN Francisco entered the provincial school he knew something about local government from seeing local officials and hearing older people discuss matters of politics, but his knowledge did not extend beyond his own barrio and town. As for the history of the Philippines, he knew little more than that the islands had been under the control of Spain and were transferred to the United States. Rizal (Rï-zäl′) Day, which was celebrated on the thirtieth day of each December, was greatly enjoyed by him as a holiday, but he had little idea of the reason for its celebration.

American boys and girls know even less than Francisco about these new possessions of ours across the Pacific. Hence, we shall

find it interesting and worth while to follow the outline of Philippine history and government which Francisco studied in the provincial school.

It is now about four hundred years since the Spaniards first discovered the Philippines. An expedition under the command of Magellan set out from Spain in the year 1519, sailed across the Atlantic and down the eastern coast of South America, through the strait at the southern end of the continent, and northwest across the great Pacific, until it finally arrived at the island of Cebu. Here, on the seventh of April, 1521, a landing was made, and the country was claimed for the king of Spain.

The savage customs of the natives whom Magellan found there are shown in the method they followed when drawing up a treaty of friendship between themselves and the Spaniards. Cuts were made in the breasts of Magellan and the native chief, and each one drank some of the other's blood as a pledge that the agreement should be kept forever.

DEATH OF MAGELLAN (71)

There were priests in the company, and they persuaded many of the Filipinos to accept baptism. The chief was given the new name of "King Charles I of Cebu," and he agreed to rule under the guidance of the king of Spain.

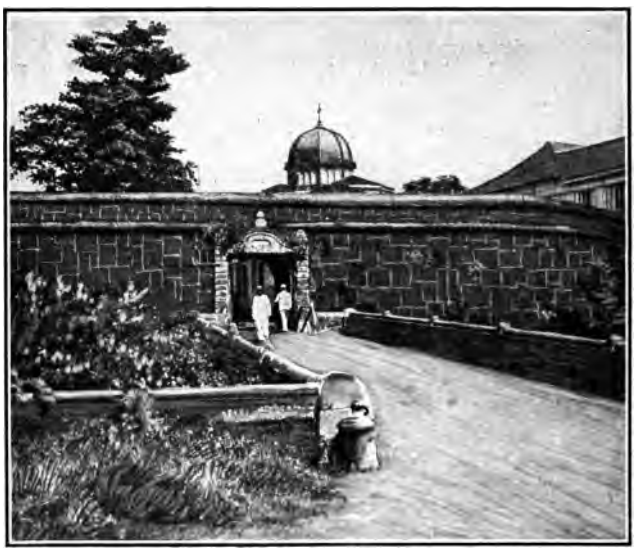
This Cebu tribe was at war with the Filipinos living on the neighboring island of Mactan. Magellan undertook to aid his newly made allies against their enemies, and was killed in battle on the twenty-seventh of April, 1521. Thus the Spanish expedition lost its brave and able leader. Of the five vessels that set out from Spain in 1519, only one, the Victoria, returned three years later, battered and worn by its long voyage around the world, and carrying only a small fraction of the company of men who had sailed with the little fleet.

After Magellan's expedition, several other voyages were made to the new islands, but there were no attempts at a permanent settlement until 1564. In that year, King Philip II of Spain sent out a company under the

leadership of Legaspi (Lĕ-gȧs′-pĭ), a brave and experienced soldier who had seen years of service in Mexico, and was well known to the king. It was he who suggested the name "Las Islas Felipinas" (Läs Ïs′-läs Fe̱-lĭ-pï′-näs) for the islands, in honor of King Philip, or Felipe (Fe̱-lĭ′-pe), as the name is in its Spanish form. Magellan had previously named them the San Lazaro (Sȧn Lä′-za-rō) Islands, but this name was abandoned.

Legaspi's company made a landing on the island of Cebu just as Magellan had done, but about seven years later it was found that the port of Manila offered a better location for the seat of government; so Legaspi transferred his capital to that place and began the building of a strong city. Later, great walls of stone were erected, and a fort was placed at the point where the Pasig (Pȧ′-sĭg) River flows into Manila Bay. Meantime, various expeditions were sent into the interior of Luzon and other islands to subdue the natives, make treaties with the chiefs, and claim all the lands for the king of Spain.

The fortifications which were erected in Manila and at other important points in the islands were necessary for defense against



OLD MANILA WALL

invaders, and they witnessed many stirring sieges from the time they were built until Spain ceded the islands to the United States in 1898. For two hundred and fifty years, the cities and towns of the Philippines suf-

fered from the incursions of pirates, — Chinese, Japanese, and Moros, the last-named being Mohammedan Filipinos from the southern islands. Numberless towns were attacked and plundered by these dreaded pirates who, with their swift sailing praos (prä′-ōs), or boats, would swoop down upon a town, kill the men, burn the houses, and carry away the women and children either to be sold into slavery or held for ransom. The Spanish government used all the powers at its command to suppress this piracy, but with only partial success.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the people of the Philippines were greatly troubled by invasions of Dutch and English fleets, echoes of larger wars in Europe between these countries and Spain. Commerce was preyed upon, ships were sunk, and rich stores of precious silks, spices, and gold were seized and carried off as booty. Such losses were very hard upon the merchants whose property was stolen, and the taxes, made necessary by the long struggle with

these enemies, laid a still greater burden upon the people. For about two years, from 1762 till 1764, the English held Manila, but when peace was finally declared, the British flag was hauled down and the islands returned to Spain.

Wars with pirates, and with the Dutch and English, were not the only causes of distress in the Philippines, however. Numberless times in the history of the islands crops have been damaged and houses destroyed by terrific storms and earthquakes, cattle have been carried off in great numbers by disease, while cholera and smallpox have claimed thousands of human lives, and leprosy has spread itself alarmingly.

Until early in the nineteenth century, the island government was administered from Mexico rather than directly from Spain, and this often led to dishonesty and bad management of affairs. Corrupt men got into power and used their offices to enrich themselves. A system of taxation was followed for many years, by which the collectors were able to

work great injustice upon the Filipinos. Commerce was so restricted that the islands, instead of developing their natural wealth, remained poor. A very strict rule governing the production and sale of tobacco required that a man's crop be sold only to the government, and at a price which the government fixed. Schools were few, free speech was suppressed, and attempts to publish anything in criticism of the evil conditions was severely punished. A number of Filipinos of great ability and honesty of purpose, among them the patriot whose memory is kept alive by a public holiday in his honor, — Dr. José Rizal, — were executed for conspiring against the government.

Therefore it is not strange that there should have been a constantly growing spirit of dissatisfaction and rebellion, which broke out into armed revolution at numerous times during the nineteenth century. In 1898 the United States and Spain became involved in war, and when fighting ceased the Philippine Islands were ceded to the Americans. The

Filipinos were displeased at this, for they desired their independence, and the insurrection was continued for several years. However, as the people came to see the real purpose of the United States government, — to stamp out disease and crime, to establish schools over the islands, to develop the natural resources of the country, and to train the people for the art of self-government, — the resistance came gradually to an end, and conditions are now peaceful throughout practically the whole of the Philippines.

When military rule could be done away with and a civil government be established, the United States followed the outlines already worked out by the Spaniards, with such changes as seemed best, keeping the three divisions, — insular or general government, provincial government, and municipal or town government.

At the head of all is the governor-general, who is appointed by the President of the United States. He is assisted by a number of men, Americans and Filipinos, who are

also appointed by the President and who together make up what is called the Philippine commission. The laws for the islands are made by the Congress of the United States

GOVERNMENT BUILDING, MANILA

and by this commission acting with an assembly of representatives elected by the people. A supreme court holds its sessions in Manila and tries cases brought to it from the lower courts. There is a special system of money for the Philippines, the unit of which

is called the peso (pe̱′-sō), and is worth half a dollar in American money. The post office system is separate and distinct from that of the United States; the stamps are different and will carry only mail which is originally posted in the Philippine Islands. A custom house is maintained for the collection of duties upon certain goods brought into the islands from other countries, and taxes are laid upon liquor, tobacco, and similar articles.

Each province has a governor and various other officers to enforce the laws, collect taxes, and do the public work. There is a court, called the Court of First Instance, for trying violations of the law. There are also an engineer to keep roads and bridges in repair and arrange for the erection of public buildings, a division superintendent of schools who, under the director of education at Manila, has charge of public education in his province, and other legal, financial, and military officials.

The presidente, who corresponds to the mayor of a city in this country, is at the

head of the town government, and he is aided by a municipal council, whose members are elected by the voters of the central town and its barrios. Small cases of law-breaking are tried before justices of the peace, and order is kept by a municipal police force.

Such, in brief, is the form of government now in force in the Philippine Islands. The natives play a very large part in the administration of public affairs, most of the offices are open to Filipinos of ability, and peace and good order are apparent everywhere. Much remains to be done before conditions are exactly as they should be, but the establishment of free public schools from one end of the archipelago to the other, the decrease in crime and disorder, the almost complete prevention of the terrible plagues of cholera and smallpox, and the removal of all lepers to one island where the disease cannot be given to others, are important results of the new era in the Philippine Islands, for which the Filipinos should be grateful to the United States.

CHAPTER IX

THE STRENGTH OF NATURE

FRANCISCO lived in a country where Mother Nature is very kind to her children, and yet treats them with great severity. He was close enough to the equator to enjoy tropical sunshine the year round, with no cold weather and but a few months of long-continued rains. The soil of the Philippines is so fertile that crops grow with little cultivation. Food, drink, clothing, and shelter are obtained readily, and so people's wants are easily satisfied. But, as if to counterbalance this generosity, Nature is exceedingly harsh with the Filipinos, and those who live in these islands must remain in almost constant danger of inconvenience, loss of property, or even death at her hands.

At various times during the year, especially in the month of September, a traveler in the

Philippine Islands will notice many of the houses braced with long poles which reach from the four upper corners out to the ground some distance from the house. This is to safeguard the house against being blown down

BAMBOO TREES

by a baguio (bä′-gï-ō). Baguios are terrific cyclones which sweep in from the China Sea or the Pacific Ocean, and rage over the islands for hours and even days, leaving death and destruction in their track. Houses are demolished, crops ruined, trees felled, and

boats washed up on shore or dashed to pieces on some of the treacherous coral reefs that fringe the shores of most of the islands. All vessels that have time either hasten to some sheltered port or put out into the open

A Gale Blowing in from Manila Bay

sea until the wind abates. The weather bureau at Manila sends out telegraphic reports whenever a typhoon is known to be approaching the islands, and thus preparations can be made for the storm.

Even if the storm is not severe enough to

blow a house over, the thatched roof is sometimes lifted so that the rain pours in, soaking clothing and furniture. While a baguio is in progress the people often gather in one room of their house and pray for safety, chanting their prayer in a most mournful wail that rises and falls with the gusts of wind.

After such a storm has subsided, the sight is a sorry one; acres of abaca beaten down and washed into heaps of useless vegetation, — a most serious loss requiring three years of growth for the plants to replace themselves; fields that were waving with beautiful green rice lying flat, ruined for a season; trees broken off or uprooted; houses roofless or in ruins, and the shores strewn with driftwood or wreckage. It is most fortunate that tropical nature is so lavish with those who live there, else they could not withstand the loss and devastation that result from the frequent and violent storms.

People who live in volcanic countries may expect earthquakes at any time, and such

shocks are very common in the Philippines, — so common, in fact, as to arouse little comment unless the shaking is severe. Francisco was awakened many nights by hearing his bamboo home creak and by feeling the strange swaying motion, or the sudden jerks, that are so terrifying when one is only half awake. Unless the shock is violent there is little danger, even for those who live in stone houses. In the history of the islands there have occurred many earthquakes, however, of such strength that whole cities have been left in ruins. About 1863 Manila and the surrounding country received a shock that destroyed practically the entire city and killed thousands of people. In 1880, violent shocks lasted over a period of ten days, causing untold loss and suffering. In recent years reenforced concrete has been taking the place of stone in the building of bridges, churches, and other large structures, and it has been found to withstand earthquakes well.

Closely connected with the earthquakes are the volcanoes of the islands, which have a

long and destructive history, especially Mount Taal (Tä′-äl) near Manila, and Mount Mayon (Mȳ-ōn′) in southern Luzon. The latter volcano has been in eruption many times; the

MAYON VOLCANO

records show a total of more than twenty-five eruptions since the year 1616, and it is probable that previous to the nineteenth century observations were inaccurately made and many eruptions have gone unrecorded. More than half of the eruptions have been severe. That

of February 1, 1814, was especially dreadful, burying the country around the mountain under tons of lava and ashes, and causing about twelve hundred deaths. The parish priest of one of the towns near by has left the following description of the event:

"Repeated earthquakes took place the night before, and they continued during the morning of the first. There was then a stronger shock, and at the same moment a cloud of smoke rose from the mouth of the volcano. The cloud rose in the form of a pyramid and then assumed a feathery appearance which was very beautiful. As the sun was shining, the phenomenon presented various colors. The top was black, the center took on various colors, while the sides and lower part appeared of an ashy tint. While we were watching this, we felt a strong earthquake, which was followed by loud noises and rumblings. The volcano then continued to vomit forth lava, and the cloud extended till it darkened the whole district; and then sparks and flashes seemed to come from the

ground and from the cloud, so that the whole presented the aspect of a most terrible storm. There followed almost immediately a rain of large, hot stones which broke, and burnt whatever they fell upon. A little later, smaller stones, sand, and ashes were thrown out for more than three hours. . . . Towns were entirely destroyed and burnt. . . . The darkness caused by the eruption was noticeable as far as Manila, . . . and, according to some, the ashes erupted passed as far as China."

Around the base of Mount Mayon are many geysers and hot springs which are used for baths as cures for diseases, and as convenient places in which to scald hogs at butchering times. Gases and steam arise from cracks in the ground constantly, as if some great kettle were boiling just beneath the surface of the earth. At times the mountain smokes, sending up thin, fine wisps that curl lazily into the air or wind in graceful circles about the crater. Wise men who understand volcanoes say that it is a good sign when the mountain smokes, because it means that the

gases are escaping, and that an eruption is not so likely to occur as when the crater is closed and the steam is confined.

There is an interesting story current in various parts of the Philippine Islands, which advances a new theory to account for the smoking of volcanoes. It is said that many years ago an old man lived in the crater of the mountain and ruled all the country round its base. He permitted the people to use the land part way up the mountainside, but drew a line beyond which they might not go. He disappeared for a long time, however, and the people forgot his ruling, planting tobacco all the way to the summit.

Finally, however, the old man returned, and when he saw that he had been disobeyed, he was exceedingly angry. He roared out his curses at the people, shook the mountain, and threw down hot stones and ashes at them until they fled down into the valley, terrified and ashamed.

As a further punishment, he took all their crop of tobacco and told them that until he

had finished smoking it they might not make any use of the mountain slopes. Then he

THE OLD MAN IN THE CRATER

retired within the crater with his immense stock of tobacco, and whenever the mountain smokes, the older men nod wisely and say he is still smoking the people's tobacco.

CHAPTER X

FRANCISCO'S GRADUATION AND TRIP TO MANILA

At last the day came when Francisco had completed his course in the provincial school and was ready to receive his certificate of graduation. The term closed on the twenty-seventh of March, and the principal had arranged for a great "fiesta" in honor of the occasion, consisting of music and addresses in the morning, athletic exercises in the afternoon, and a grand "baile" at night.

A temporary stage, erected by the boys of the manual training classes, was placed at the north end of the plaza, and long before the appointed hour the square was filled with gayly dressed women, and men in the whitest of suits, who walked about under the trees or sat on the green grass to await the commencement exercises.

Promptly at ten o'clock the procession issued from the front door of the schoolhouse, filed into the plaza, and took seats on the stage. The graduates sat in the center, the chief officials on their right, and the faculty of the school on their left. The school orchestra was stationed just in front of the stage, and as they finished playing "America," the padre in his long black gown stepped forward and offered a short prayer, speaking in Bicol and Spanish so that his hearers might understand and follow him. Then came short addresses by the governor of the province, the major commanding the United States troops stationed at that post, the presidente of the town, and the division superintendent of schools, after which the principal presented the graduates with their certificates. Every one rose and stood while the orchestra played "The Star-Spangled Banner," and Francisco's high school days were at an end.

During the month of April, he remained at home getting ready to leave, for in May he was to sail for Manila, visit a month with

Pablo, and then enter the Philippine Normal School. He had never been so far away before, and he looked forward with delightful anticipation to his trip by steamer to the capital city of the islands. The time for departure came at last, the good-bys were all said, and Francisco found himself established on board the steamship *Venus*, ready to sail. At six o'clock the last bale of abaca had been stowed away in the hold, the hatches were closed, the anchor was lifted, and the

S.S. Venus

voyage began. Francisco watched the familiar mountains and valleys of Albay province fade into the distance as the *Venus* rounded the outer headlands of the bay and made for the straits of San Bernardino (Bēr-när-dĭ′-nō).

The moon shone brightly that night, and he remained on deck until late, watching the water glow with phosphorescence as the boat plowed through it, and thinking of the unexplored world that lay before him. He could still see the huge bulk of Mount Mayon standing out clear against the sky, and he felt as if it were the only friend remaining in the midst of so many strange sights and sounds.

It is pleasant to travel on the tranquil inland seas of the Philippines, where cool breezes temper the heat of the tropical sun, and where land is always in sight. Flying fish dart out of the water as the vessel approaches them, skimming along the surface of the sea like birds, before diving back again into its depths. Shoals of porpoises appear from time to time and swim along with the boat, leaping out of the water and playing in ap-

parent enjoyment of life. Such experiences were new to Francisco, for he had never been on the sea before, and he enjoyed every detail of his trip.

PASIG RIVER AT MANILA

After two days of travel they passed the island of Corregidor (Cōr-re̱′-hĭ-dōr), which guards the entrance to the immense bay of Manila. A few hours later they had covered the remaining thirty miles of their journey and were steaming slowly past Fort Santiago

(Sȧnt-ĭä′-gō) and up the Pasig River to a wharf just below the Bridge of Spain, where the boat was made fast and the passengers went ashore.

Manila is one of the most interesting cities in the world, not only because it is the meeting place of the Far East and the Far West, but also because the present and the remote past are to be found side by side, and such excellent opportunity is offered for the study of history at first hand. Here may be found stone walls that were built at the close of the sixteenth century; and within a stone's throw are structures erected according to the latest methods of working with steel and concrete. Almost every language known to man may be heard on the streets and in the shops, and the Filipino, the Japanese, the Chinese, and the East Indian rub elbows with the American, the European, and the African as they all move along the crowded narrow streets.

Francisco found that he must depend upon his knowledge of the English language in order to make his way in Manila; he knew very

little Spanish, and his native tongue, Bicol, was almost useless. The Filipinos in this part of the islands speak a language called Tagalog (Tȧ-găl′-ȯg), which is strikingly different from Bicol. For example, if Francisco wanted a banana he would call for a "batag" (bä′-täg), but the Manila Filipinos would probably not understand him, as their word for banana is "saging" (sä′-ging). Due to the widespread influence of the American schools, one can find English spoken in even remote parts of the Philippines, and hence in spite of sixty different native languages, the people now have a common method of speech which can be understood in all sections of the islands.

Manila is a city of churches. There are scores of them in all parts of the city, and many of the older ones are worth visiting for their beauty of decoration, for their interesting bamboo organs, or for their historical connections. Those of the Jesuits and the Dominicans (Dō-mĭn′-ĭ-căns) are the most beautiful, having a great wealth of gold, silver, and marble, many statues and paintings,

and fine wood carvings to adorn altars, pulpits, and chapels. The oldest church is that of the Augustinians (Aug-ŭst-ĭn′-ians), built in 1599, and the skill of its builders is shown by the fact that it has escaped the fury of the

CATHEDRAL, MANILA

numerous earthquakes from which Manila has suffered. Legaspi, the first of the Spanish governors of the Philippines, is buried back of the altar of this church.

Manila consists of several distinct districts, each with its own peculiarities. That part of

the city within the walls is the oldest part, and is called "Intramuros" (In-trä-mu′-rōs), or the walled city. Here the streets are narrow and the houses are of the old Spanish style, closely walled, with barred windows below, the second floor extending a short distance out over the sidewalk. The oldest churches are to be found within the walled city, and here also are the great cathedral and the government offices.

The wall, built about 1590 for defense against invaders, is very suggestive of the time of knights in armor; the moat that formerly surrounded the wall has been drained for sanitary reasons, but the old bridges and gates are still used, and a few Spanish cannon can be seen still mounted on the battlements. Of course masonry built in the sixteenth century would offer small resistance to the guns of the present day, but the fortifications are allowed to remain as interesting reminders of the times that are gone.

Just outside of the walled city is the Luneta (Lu-nĕ′-tȧ), a beautiful driveway and park

at the bay's edge, where the people of Manila walk or drive in the evening. Here they may enjoy the cool breezes from the sea and listen to the band concerts, which are given several

THE LUNETA

times each week. The electric cars pass the Luneta, and excellent drives leading to it from various directions make it easy for all to enjoy this public park.

The districts of Ermita (Ẽr-mï′-tä) and

Malate (Mȧ-lä′-te) are occupied chiefly by residences, while Binondo (Bĭ-nŏn′-dō) is the business section of Manila. Here may be found business houses of all sorts, — American soda fountains, Spanish clothiers, English bankers, French restaurants, and Japanese curio dealers, with a miscellaneous collection of Filipinos, Chinese, and other races who make a living by trade.

Francisco found much to occupy his time during the month he had for sightseeing. He visited not only the points of interest in Manila, but made excursions to near-by places, — to Fort McKinley, where the United States troops are quartered, for a railroad trip on the Manila and Dagupan (Dȧ-gu′-pȧn) railroad (Francisco's first railroad experience), and up the Pasig River by motor boat, — all of them delightful and interesting to him.

But at length his vacation came to an end, as all good vacations do, and early in June he began his work in school again. We have followed him throughout his common school life; we must leave him here, just entering

THE ESCOLTA,
The Principal Business Street of Manila

the front door of the Philippine Normal School, and in return for his graceful bow and courteous "Ädios" (Ä-dĭōs′) we must offer our equally courteous "Good-by."

FORT MCKINLEY

Little, B.M., 591249
Francisco, the Filipino

DATE	NAME	DATE
FEB 1 1954		
MAY 1 4 1953		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REGIS PECORA